NUMB. C.

The GUARDIAN.

Hoc vos præcipuè, niveæ, decet. hoc ubi vidi,
Oſcula *ferre humero, quà patet, uſque libet.* Ovid.

Monday, July 6. 1713.

THERE is a certain Female Ornament by ſome called a Tucker, and by others the Neck-piece, being a ſlip of fine Linnen or Muſlin that uſed to run in a ſmall kind of ruffle round the uppermoſt Verge of the Womens Stays, and by that means covered a great part of the Shoulders and Boſom. Having thus given a Definition, or rather Deſcription of the Tucker, I muſt take Notice, that our Ladies have of late thrown aſide this Fig-Leaf, and expoſed in its Primitive Nakedneſs that gentle Swelling of the Breaſt which it was uſed to conceal. What their Deſign by it is they themſelves beſt know.

I obſerved this as I was ſitting the other Day by a famous She-Viſitant at my Lady *Lizard*'s, when accidentally as I was looking upon her Face, letting my Sight fall into her Boſom, I was ſurprized with Beauties which I never before diſcovered, and do not know where my Eye wou'd have run, if I had not immediately checked it. The Lady herſelf could not forbear bluſhing when ſhe obſerved by my Looks, that ſhe had made her Neck too beautiful and glaring an Object, even for a Man of my Character and Gravity. I could ſcarce forbear making uſe of my Hand to cover ſo unſeemly a Sight.

If we Survey the Pictures of our Great Grandmothers in Queen *Elizabeth*'s Time, we ſee them cloathed down to the very Wriſts, and up to the very Chin. The Hands and Face were the only Samples they gave of their beautiful Perſons. The following Age of Females made larger Diſcoveries of their Complection. They firſt of all tucked up their Garments to the Elbow, and notwithſtanding the Tenderneſs of the Sex, were Content for the Information of Mankind, to expoſe their Arms to the Coldneſs of the Air, and Injuries of the Weather. This Artifice hath ſucceeded to their Wiſhes, and betrayed many to their Arms, who might have eſcaped them had they been ſtill concealed.

About the ſame time the Ladies conſidering that the Neck was a very Modeſt Part in a Human Body, they freed it from thoſe Yoaks, I mean thoſe monſtrous Linnen Ruffs, in which the Simplicity of their Grandmothers had encloſed it. In proportion as the Age refined, the Dreſs ſtill ſunk lower, ſo that when we now ſay a Woman has a handſom Neck, we reckon it into many of the adjacent Parts. The diſuſe of the Tucker has ſtill enlarged it, inſomuch that the Neck of a fine Woman at preſent takes in almoſt half the Body.

Since the Female Neck thus grows upon us, and the Ladies ſeem diſpoſed to diſcover themſelves to us more and more, I would fain have them tell us once for all how far they intend to go, and whether they have yet determined among themſelves where to make a Stop.

For my own Part, their Necks, as they call them, are no more than *Buſts* of Alablaſter in my Eye. I can look upon

The yielding Marble of a ſnowy Breaſt

with